

Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



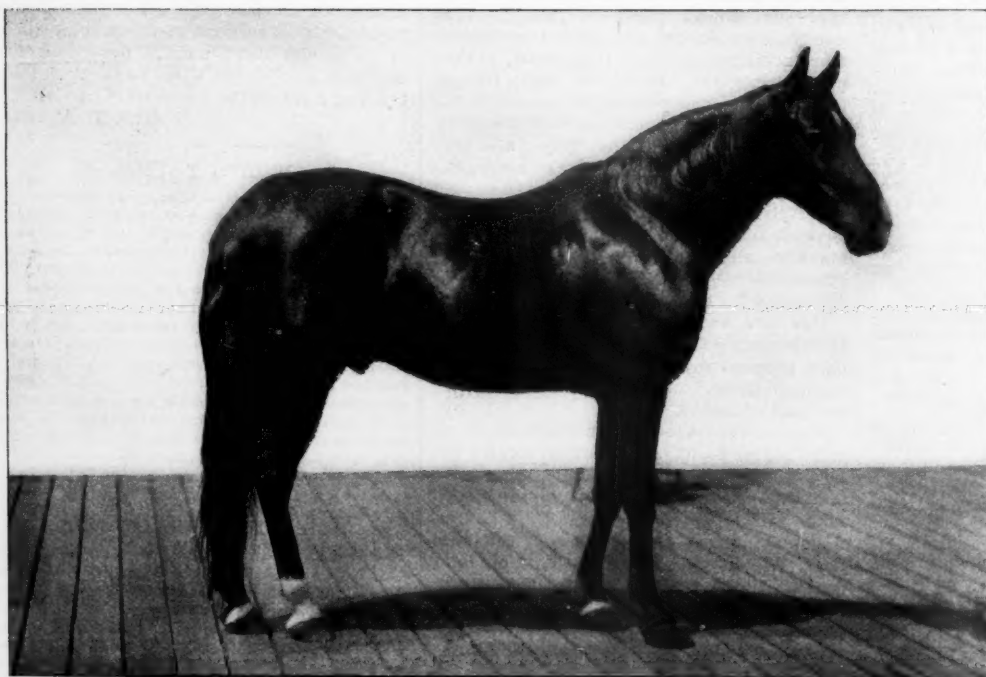
CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES"

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. — COWPER.

Vol. 35.

Boston, September, 1902.

No. 4.



BEAUTIFUL "JIM KEY."

The wonderful horse which is obtaining an almost world-wide reputation.

BEAUTIFUL "JIM KEY."

We are most glad to learn from Mr. Albert R. Rogers, owner of the famous horse "Jim Key," that this wonderful animal is to be exhibited at our Mechanics' Fair in September and October. Tens of thousands who saw him last year will want to see him again, and other tens of thousands who have never seen him will want to see him now. We hope to make arrangements with Mr. Rogers [who deeply sympathizes with our humane work] by which most of the children and

teachers in the vicinity of Boston will be able, without charge, to see perhaps the most intelligent horse in the world.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

At Lucerne, Switzerland, has recently been opened [as the gift of wealthy humanitarians] a building designed to promote in all possible ways the prevention of wars.

We want to open a similar building in Boston

[to be the home of our Humane Societies] for the prevention of not only of wars but also of every form of cruelty and crime, both to human beings and the lower animals, its objects, in the words of our American Humane Education Society's seal: "Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature, both human and dumb. GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM A BOSTON PHYSICIAN.

COLONIAL BUILDING,
BOSTON.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL:

My Dear Sir,—In your paper you have plainly voiced your wishes for a lasting monument of your life work. You will certainly be remembered by many thousands whether the building for the two great Societies is finished or not, and it will certainly afford many pleasure to see you alive and enjoying the possession of your earthly monument. But we, your friends, must begin at once. We shall hope that the real work of caring for the money, of drawing the plans, of constructing the edifice, shall be delegated to some good and true friend, that you may personally be spared the trials of patience, the annoyance and other matters which always accompany the carrying out of such enterprises.

I repeat, ask us to begin at once, and rest assured, that al-

though this is an age of commercialism, there are "many brave hearts and true" with money at command.

E. D. S., M.D.

WEST CHESTER, PA.

DEAR MR. ANGELL.—This month's *Dumb Animals* received and, as usual, I sit right down and read it through.

In rejoicing at S. Brinton's contribution towards "a building for thy Humane Societies," I cannot help suggesting that in next month's *Dumb Animals* you invite each Band of Mercy to collect \$10 for the "Temple of Humanity."

Thy idea of a "Temple of Humanity" is so wise, and its need so evident, that I have faith it will be accomplished.

Praying for this, and hoping to do my little towards it, I remain gratefully and cordially thy friend,

SARAH K. BOWMAN.

Good as every month's paper always is, I think this August *Dumb Animals* is especially so. God surely blesses and inspires thy pen.

S. K. B.

HOW CAN WE USE OUR MONEY MOST JUDICIOUSLY?

The results of the vast work our Humane Societies have been doing to awaken a kinder interest for our dumb animals, as seen through the formation of our over 50,000 "Bands of Mercy," and the circulation of perhaps a hundred millions pages of humane literature—is resulting in a variety of plans [more or less good] for their benefit, and frequent inquiries, why don't you do this, that, or the other?

The fact is, we could easily spend in carrying humane education into the schools and homes of our own state alone, and in investigating cases and enforcing laws for the protection of animals a million dollars, but are constantly compelled by our limited means to consider how [with these means] we can accomplish the greatest good.

For instance, if with fifty dollars we can put a copy of "*Black Beauty*"—"The Strike at Shane's"—"*Hollyhurst*"—or other of our best publications into the hands of a thousand drivers of horses there can be no question that much good is likely to be accomplished, and when we carry the circulation of these books up into the millions, in our own and other languages, it would be difficult to say where their influence will end.

So when we send our little paper every month into between fifty and sixty thousand homes [including the editorial rooms of every newspaper and magazine north of Mexico, some twenty thousand in all] we are reaching not only those who are dealing directly with animals, but the men and women who write what is read by perhaps hundreds of millions of people in our own and other countries. So when we employ missionaries to be constantly addressing our public, parochial and other schools, and causing to be formed in them thousands of "Bands of Mercy," we are doing a work for humanity which only future ages can rightly estimate.

Then the prizes we have offered to college students—to the press—and for humane stories [some of which have already reached a circulation of hundreds of thousands of copies], no man can estimate their influence on the coming generations.

As we have said before, it would be easy to spend a million of dollars in carrying hu-

mane education into the schools and homes of our own state, and substituting a hundred paid investigating and prosecuting agents for the handful we now have, but our Humane Societies must now, in every instance study how, *with the means they have*, they can accomplish the greatest good, both for our own race and the other races that depend upon our mercy, by preventing, so far as possible, all crimes of cruelty which now prevail so widely.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS—CAPITAL AND LABOR.

We have recently read an article [which would have appeared in this issue of our paper but for its loss on the way to the printer] which gave statistics showing the enormously greater number of railroad accidents and deaths in this country than in England.

Many years ago we submitted to the superintendents of our steam railroads running out of Boston [more numerous then than now] a plan which we thought would work well both for the corporations and the public, namely, to estimate, as nearly as possible, the average annual cost of accidents, and set apart at the beginning of each year that sum as an "accident fund"—then notify all employees upon whose care safety from accidents depends [engineers, brakemen, switchmen, conductors, etc.], that at the close of each year all remaining in the "accident fund" would be distributed to them in proportion to their pay—also that locked boxes should be placed in each central depot, into which all employees should be requested to drop [signed or unsigned] suggestions likely to render accidents less common, all of which should be frequently examined by superintendents or persons appointed for that purpose.

Our idea was that by these measures all such employees would be led to use greater care themselves, and to promptly notify through these boxes any want of care on the part of others.

We mention this to draw attention to what seems to us an important matter for both employers and the public, namely, to contrive in some way, so far as possible, to make all employees feel that they have a financial interest in the success of the business. We have in mind at this moment a case in which a hotel lost probably several hundred dollars by an act of careless inattention on the part of a clerk, and we think this only one of a thousand similar cases. We have no space to discuss the matter in our little paper, but only to call the attention of the many thousands of editors to whom it goes every month. We have no doubt that it is for the public interest as well as that of employees that all employees be made to feel, so far as possible, that they have a personal financial interest in the success of their business.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GAS PIPE LEAKS.

We find in the *Sanitarian* of July, 1902, that James C. Bayles, Ph.D., Ex-President of the Department of Health of New York city, at a meeting of the Medical Society of New York, June 4th last, declared that the gas leakage is an evil vastly greater in the

death rate of that city than all other evils that have engaged scientific attention in regard to public health. He says that it goes into houses primarily from leaks in distributing pipes and around fixtures and from leaks outside of foundation walls. Gas under pavements is found hundreds of feet from the leak. That part of it which flows into the sewers leaks back into houses through drains and waste pipes.

IN OUR AUGUST PAPER.

In our August paper we called attention to the importance of some invention which as a non-conductor of sound could be used to shut out from the ears of those needing sleep all outside noises, and that its inventor would be sure of a large fortune.

Also to a new life-float for vessels of all sizes, from sail-boat to man-of-war, already adopted by our U. S. navy, and likely to be by the navies of all nations.

We now wish to call attention to the importance of more investigation about the power of electricity, which may be destined to run all our machinery and light all our streets with almost the power of sunlight, but particularly to its effect on public health. We know of one house in Boston which, we are assured, became almost uninhabitable on account of the accumulation of electricity there until a deep well was dug in it, into which wires connecting with the iron work of the house were carried.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH TRYING.

People who suffer from tired eyes—and who does not at times?—may be glad to try a French author's accidentally-discovered remedy. One night, when engaged in writing an article, his eyes gave out before he could finish and he was compelled to stop. So, turning from his unfinished manuscript, his eyes fell upon some scraps of colored silk that his wife had been using for patchwork. These gay colors had a peculiar attraction for his wearied optics. On resuming his work after gazing at them for several minutes he found them quite fresh. After several experiments he surrounded his inkstand with brilliantly-colored striped silk material that his eyes must rest on every time he dipped his pen into the ink. This brought instant relief.

Boston Evening Transcript.

HER WORKS FOLLOW HER.

As we have been spending most of the summer in the city, and getting most of our fresh air from short trips on the electric, we have often had occasion to pass the drinking-fountain for horses which we had the pleasure of causing to be erected on the corner of Beacon street and Brookline and Brighton avenues, in memory of Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford, of New Haven, Conn., whose generous donation to our "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is remembered with gratitude.

We seldom pass it without having the pleasure of seeing a number of horses, and generally work horses, drinking there. Just before writing this article we passed the fountain and saw six work horses being made happy through the kind gift of our deceased friend.

Mr. J. W. Cottrell, general superintendent of the Detective Association of America, thus says: "With twenty-five years' experience as an officer, very few criminals are found who have been taught to love animals, and in searching for the causes of crime we find that a lack of humane education is the principal one."—LISTENER, in Boston Evening Transcript.

DOG BELL RINGER.

HE'S AN INMATE OF A LIGHTHOUSE, AND HE SALUTES PASSING VESSELS.

"Sailor" is the name of a wise dog which lives on Wood Island, off Biddeford Pool, Me., says the *New York Sun*. His master is Thomas H. Orcutt, keeper of the Wood Island lighthouse. Having passed most of his nine years of life on rocky Wood Island, where the passing of vessels is the chief thing to break the monotony of life, "Sailor" naturally takes a great interest in nautical matters. He is a Scotch collie, and was brought to the island when two months old. He was not long in learning the ways of the sea. He took a deep interest in whatever his master did, and followed him around the light station wherever he went. He noticed among other things that his master often pulled a rope that made a bell ring. The bell was a great heavy one, used to warn vessels in a fog, and to salute them in fair weather. It stood outside the lighthouse a few feet above a wooden platform, and the rope attached to its tongue came down so near the platform that "Sailor" could easily reach it.

One day "Sailor" thought he would have a try at ringing the bell. He seized the rope in his mouth and pulled. The bell rang clear and loud. "Sailor" was delighted. He wagged his bushy tail vigorously and pulled again. "Sailor" after a time noticed that the ringing of the bell marked the passing of a vessel or steamer. His note of this fact resulted in trying an experiment. When he saw the next vessel coming he anticipated his master in ringing the bell. As the years have passed "Sailor" has kept on ringing salutes to passing vessels and steamers. Indeed, he feels hurt if not permitted to give the customary salute to passing craft, while skippers whose course takes them often past Wood Island are accustomed to see "Sailor" tugging viciously at the bell rope. They reply with a will on their ship's bell or horn, and in case of steamers a hearty triple blast is sent back to the watcher of Wood Island, who gives a new meaning to the good old sea term of "dog watch."

Boston Herald.

THE DOCKED HORSE.

He was a beautiful horse in his youth. His long tail added much to his beauty, and was a sure defence against tormenting flies. A rich man in the city bought him to match another horse, and the two were attached to the family carriage.

The tail was cut off because, strangely enough, the bob-tail, cut square, was more pleasing to the owner than the tail given by nature.

The horse did not at first miss his tail brush, for he was a rich man's horse and wore a net in summer; he was carefully groomed and kept in good condition. But occasionally his owner drove the horse to his box buggy, and as he was a hard driver he was overdriven, spoiled, and of course sold.

The horse then came into the possession of a grocer, who had some compassion and provided a net to keep off the flies. But at length the horse became too slow for the grocer, and then began the downward road that ends always in misery and torture.

Last summer this horse was seen attached to a fruit hawker's dilapidated wagon. It was a hot day, and the horse was standing in front of a fruit store while the owner was within buying his stock in trade. A more pitiful horse-sight was never seen. The flies swarmed around him and drove him nearly frantic; he twisted, kicked, turned, and bit himself till the blood had started. There was a fresh bruise on one hip on which the flies settled; the short hair of the tail was not long enough to reach this, and he was robbed of all defence.

The horse was little more than skin and bone, but he may have had food enough; his condition might be due to this continual worry and fighting off flies. If the man who caused the tail to be docked could have seen the horse in its present condition he would have regretted the part he took in it, if he had any feeling of compassion. Let every man remember, who cuts off a horse's tail cuts off not only the hair, but also the stump of the tail, that another stump will not grow in its place, and that the horse will be practically tailless the rest of his life. Horses were given tails because they need them, and it ought to be a crime, punishable by law, to mutilate a horse at the command of a soulless fashion.—*Farm Journal, Philadelphia.*



LAUNCHING THE LIFE BOAT.

PUBLIC CARRIAGES WITH DOCK-TAILED HORSES.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Those who have occasion to patronize drivers of public carriages should make it a point to have nothing to do with those who have dock-tailed horses. I had occasion yesterday to make use of a herd, and the first one I chanced upon had a horse with a docked tail. I refused, however, to patronize the driver of such a horse. If people generally would refuse to patronize those drivers of public carriages who have dock-tailed horses, it might have some effect in reducing the number of horses thus mutilated.

L.

Boston Evening Transcript, July 16, 1902.

This is precisely what we are constantly urging.

THE BROOK.

That little brook in the pasture,
As it murmurs and gurgles along,
Is one of the beauties of nature,
And it sings a lullaby song.

As you sit in the shade in the summer,
And bathe your feet in the pool,
Just watch it ripple and quiver,
This brook so tiny and cool.

It comes from a spring up yonder,
Up under the brow of the hill,
And you gaze upon it in wonder
That it furnished water to fill

So many pools and puddles
That are hidden in under the trees.
And you'll see, if you look, little fishes
That hide in the shade of the leaves.

The flowers that grow on its banks
Fill the air with the sweetest perfume.
It looks like a stream of silver,
When seen by the light of the moon.

A KIND WISH.

On August 8th we are glad to receive a kind letter from Mrs. Mary J. Eastburn, widow of our former Episcopal bishop, expressing the wish that she had a million of dollars to give to our American Humane Education Society.

LEGAL ADVICE WITHOUT CHARGE WORTH REMEMBERING.

When, many years ago, we were in the practice of law, a client [a wealthy brewer] called one day and told us of a bad, reckless tenant of his, living on the brewery grounds, who got drunk, wouldn't pay his rent nor attend to his work, and wouldn't care whether he was in prison or out. He wanted us to put the fellow and his family out by the shortest process. We remembered that the brewery was partly wood and could be easily set on fire, and after a moment's thought said, "Well, R—, how much insurance have you?" "Oh, not near the value." "Well, then," we added, "suppose, before we put him out, you go and insure up to full value." He thought a moment and said, "What do you advise?" We answered, "Go to the man kindly, tell him you are sorry but must have the premises, and will not only give him all he owes you but pay a month's rent in advance for another tenement." He acted upon our advice, for which we made no charge, and perhaps saved \$50,000.

We suggest to the thousands of lawyers and capitalists who read our little paper that this item is worth remembering.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE POLO PONIES?

What becomes of the polo ponies, mutilated for life in violation of law, after their owners get through with them in the fall?

Do they mercifully shoot them? or do they sell them to be tormented with insects every summer during the rest of their mutilated lives?

What is the effect of these barbarous and brutal sports of wealth upon the masses?

What was the effect in France just before the French Revolution, when the streets of French cities ran with blood?

We are toiling day and night to prevent a French Revolution—to reconcile capital and labor—to protect property and life, and the life of our Republic, upon which so much of the world's future depends, but we regret to say that we have little help from many of those who have most at stake in the great conflicts now coming up in our country.

A HYPNOTIZER.

Our attention is called to a hair-dresser who is said to have great power to hypnotize those men and women on whose heads he gets a chance to operate. We have said considerable about hypnotism in past issues of our paper. There is no doubt it can be used by good men for good purposes, and quite as surely can be used by bad men for devilish purposes. We advise our readers not to employ as hair-dressers persons of doubtful character who may have studied hypnotism.

PRIZES FOR HUMANE STORIES.

Some years ago we offered several prizes of \$200 each for the best humane stories.

Among those stories were "*The Strike at Shane's*," "*Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst*," "*Some of New York's Four Hundred*," and "*Beautiful Joe*." They have all [as well as "*For Pity's Sake*"] reached an immense circulation, "*Beautiful Joe*" alone nearly a million copies, though of course "*Black Beauty*" with a circulation of over three millions is still ahead. Some day the world will realize the immense work of our "American Humane Education Society," aided by our "Mass. S. P. C. A."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CHRISTIAN CHURCHES
CAN PREVENT EVERY WAR
BETWEEN CHRISTIAN NATIONS.

Sermons in every Catholic and Protestant pulpit—prayers in every Catholic and Protestant church, and in great union prayer meetings of all Protestant churches in every city and town—petitions signed by all Catholic and Protestant clergymen and church members for settlement by arbitration—can stop every war between Christian nations.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MY FATHER.

"My father is very rich," said little Earl, as he walked by the side of his nurse. "All this land is his, and this house, and stable, and the lake."

"My father is also rich," said the nurse-girl, as she looked up to the sky and away over the fields and woods. "The green fields and meadows are all His, the blue sky and golden sun, 'the cattle on a thousand hills'—all these are His."

"And who is your father?" asked Earl.

"He is the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth," was the good and gentle answer.

FOR YOUNG DOCTORS.

During my second year at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, I had a classmate whom it would not be uncharitable to call a dillard. One of the professors was in the habit of taking the boys unawares and quizzing them. He said to this fellow one day:

"How much is a dose of—?" giving the technical name of croton oil.

"A teaspoonful," was the ready reply.

The professor made no comment, and the fellow soon realized that he had made a mistake. After a quarter of an hour, he said:

"Professor, I want to change my answer to that question."

"It's too late, Mr. —," responded the professor, looking at his watch, "*Your patient's been dead fourteen minutes.*"—*Cor. New York World.*

Never let any kind of food remain in copper or brass vessels after it is cooked.

A SAMPLE LETTER.

MILFORD, ILL.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: I have just finished reading "*Black Beauty*," published by you, and—WHAT A BOOK! It is grand. It has made me resolve to lead a better life, both as to myself and to the welfare of the poor human and dumb creatures I may meet with on earth.

It awakens all the Christian spirit within me. I know not what it is, but something in it seems to touch the very bottom of my heart; and although I have never been very strong in well doing, I pray God to help me, and thank Him for His kindness in turning my thoughts in this direction.

May God bless you in your good work of publishing such a book. I think it will do wonders in the prevention of cruelty to animals, and in turning people to good.

Very respectfully, R. E. L. CLARK.

SPECIMENS OF EDITORIALS
RECEIVED.

IMMORTALITY.

President Angell, of the American Humane Education Society, says that Professor Louis Agassiz, the greatest scientist we ever had on the American continent, was a firm believer in the immortality of dumb animals. This is not the first time such a belief had been advanced, but the mere mention of Agassiz's name in connection with it is enough to set the heads of the learned and scientists wagging and investigating. Certain it is that in the cases of some individuals of the brute creation there would seem to be far more reason for immortality than in those of some members of the human family.

Times, Reading, Pa.

President Angell, of the American Humane Education Society, says that Professor Louis Agassiz, the greatest scientist we ever had on the American continent, was a firm believer in the immortality of dumb animals.—*Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky.*

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THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

Soon after being admitted to the Suffolk (Boston) bar we secured a contract from three Boston daily papers to report for them the civil [not criminal] cases in our courts. We employed a man to gather this information, so that it was not necessary for us to leave our office. Having done this we obtained from our Massachusetts governor and other prominent gentlemen letters which enabled us to go through the State of New York and obtain the recommendations of the leading men of that state, Ex-President Fillmore, Governor Seymour, the Lieut.-Governor, President of the Senate, leading bankers, merchants and business men, which resulted in our obtaining much New York business. We had little money to spare at that time, but presenting a letter of introduction from our three Boston dailies [although we offered always to pay] we found that little money was needed. At Hartford, Conn., we were given one of the best state-rooms on the steamer to New York—at the New York hotel—at West Point—at Saratoga, and lots of other places, no charge. At Saratoga the landlord said he paid \$20,000 a year to advertise his house and would consider himself obliged for mention in our letters to Boston papers, which he thought would be far better for him than money payment.

At West Point, the clerk in the early morning received payment, but before the steamer left, the landlord, with a fast horse, overtook us and insisted on returning the money.

At Rochester, where we arrived in the evening, the clerk apologized for having to give us a rather poor room, but on reading our letter gave us the best room in the house. From Niagara Falls, across the lake, and down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, we were given the best state-room on the boat—no charge—and so on.

In those days we could visit the White Mountains in the height of the season, when even the bowling alleys were filled with cots and always find a good room reserved. As we stopped at the best hotels and had the best of everything it was easy to speak kindly in our letters to our Boston papers, except in one case, where we insisted on paying our bill, because we could not speak well of the house.

Whether in the vast increase of the press such privileges are now given we do not know, but to a young man with limited means they were certainly a great help.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE DEAR OLD MOTHER.

Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek—but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheek are the sweetest lips in all the world.

The eye is dim, yet it glows with the rapt radiance of a holy love which can never fade.

Oh, yes, she is a dear old mother.

Her sands of time are nearly run out, but feeble as she is they will go further and reach down lower for you than any other on earth.

You cannot walk into midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars shall keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you.

In evidence of her deathless love, when the world shall despise and forsake you—when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms, carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices.

Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

MOTHER'S HYMNS.

(From the Boston Journal).

Hushed are those lips, their earthly song is ended;

The singer sleeps at last;

While I sit gazing at her arm-chair vacant,

And think of days long past.

The room still echoes with the old-time music,

As, singing soft and low

Those grand, sweet hymns, the Christian's consolation,

She rocks her to and fro.

Some that can stir the heart like shouts of triumph

Or loud-toned trumpet's call,

Bidding the people prostrate fall before Him,

"And crown Him—Lord of all."

And tender notes, filled with melodious rapture,

That leaned upon His word,

Rose in those strains of solemn, deep affection,

"I love thy kingdom, Lord."

Safe hidden in the wondrous "*Rock of Ages*,"

She bade farewell to fear;

Sure that her Lord would always gently lead her,

She read her title clear.

Joyful she saw "*from Greenland's icy mountains*"

The Gospel flag unfurled;

And knew by faith "*the morning light was breaking*"

Over a sinful world.

"*There is a fountain*," how the tones triumphant

Rose in victorious strains,

"Filled with that precious blood, for all the ransomed,

Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Dear saint, in heavenly mansions long since folded,

Safe in God's fostering love,

She joins with rapture in the blissful chorus

Of those bright choirs above.

There, where no tears are known, no pain nor sorrow,

Safe beyond Jordan's roll,

She lives forever with her blessed Jesus,

The lover of her soul.

Dr. Wines was formerly the principal of a boys' school. One day he had occasion to "trounce" a boy, and it is to be supposed did the work thoroughly. The lad took his revenge in a way that the doctor himself could not help laughing at.

Doctor Wines' front door bore a plate on which was the one word "Wines." The boy wrote an addition in big letters, so that the inscription ran:—"Wines and Other Lickers."

SINGING TO THE HERD.

Some cowboys and cattlemen laughingly assured me that they only sing on watch to keep themselves awake; others say they sing, talk loud, or make a noise just to let the cattle know they are approaching, so as not to frighten and stampede them, but the greater number hold, as I myself had read and been led to believe, that the sound of the human voice, singing, talking or calling out cheerfully, quiets and reassures the animals. However it may be, they all sing and talk or whistle to them, and among my most vivid and picture-like recollections is one of a certain night when an aching head and heavy heart held me awake, and slipping from the house in the little hours I went aimlessly across the level plain toward where a big herd was camped.

When within three or four hundred yards of the bunch I could see, under the white Texas moonlight, the dark mass of cattle and occasionally a silhouette, between me and the sky, of one of the guards on his pony, and in the intense loneliness of the plain's night the singing of the one boyish voice holding his untaught, unconscious way through "A Fountain Filled with Blood," and the whistling of his companion on a little harmonicon, "Sweet Home," as they came round past me in turn, were as lovely and touching sounds as I ever heard.—*Kansas City Times.*

HORSE POWER AGAINST MAN POWER.

While in our profession [law] we were called upon one day by an officer of the Ogdensburg Railroad Co. to say that an attempt was being made to turn out the administration, and that a brother lawyer was very actively engaged in visiting the stores and offices of stockholders to obtain proxies. There were no elevators or telephones then, and we knew that our legal brother [in the way he was working] would have to climb many long flights of stairs, and sometimes perhaps half-a-dozen times before he found his man. So we said the first thing to be done is to get a good horse-chaise and driver, we can go rapidly from one place to another, the driver can do all the running up and down stairs, and we will soon overtake our legal brother, who is depending on his own legs. The result was as we anticipated. We won the day because the four legs of the horse helped us cover the ground much more rapidly than the two long legs of our legal brother.

The name of *Silas Pierce* was well known then in Boston and is remembered now. We said to him after a little talk, "Now hold up your right hand, Mr. Pierce. You solemnly swear that you own — shares of the Ogdensburg Railroad." "I do," said Mr. Pierce, "and I also solemnly swear that I wish I didn't." A good many Boston stockholders in other railroads since would have had no difficulty in repeating the same words.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE PLANTING OF SWORDS.

Fruitless the planting in war's black soil!
What do the red-handed husbandmen reap?
Cripples that languish, children that toil,
Widows who weep!
Only a harvest of hatred can grow
From a sowing of swords! *The Century.*



ARKANSAS CATTLE.

[From "Pets and Animals," Springfield, Ohio.]

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

"Boys, if you will go gunning, I have only one request to make of you. Just think once after the aim is taken and the finger is on the trigger: 'Do I really want to see that thing dead?' before you shoot."

This was the request made to a party of boys well equipped with guns, and eager for country sports, on the eve of their vacation outing.

The guns were unused—the vacation was none the less enjoyable.

A NOBLE DEED IS A STEP TOWARD GOD.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God.
Lifting the soul from the common sod,
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of greed and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain;
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve and trust
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our feet grow weary, and ere the night,
Our hearts are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray
And we think we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men;
We may borrow the wings to find the way.
We may hope and aspire and resolve and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
To the weary earth from the sapphire walls;
But the dream departs and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the weary earth to the vaulted skies;
And we mount to its summit round by round.

J. G. HOLLAND.

A horse can travel a mile without moving more than four feet. Funny, isn't it.—*Statesman.*

THE BELLS OF JAPAN.

One of the sweetest of them rings out many times every day into the waiting air, in a far away little city. Its tone is intensely thrilling and pathetic. The bells are not sounded by a clapper, but are struck from the outside by a sort of wooden arm. Being withdrawn to the proper distance and released it strikes the bell once; the strokes are allowed to succeed one another only with dignified and stately regularity. Tradition says the finest bells have much silver in their composition, which may account for their deep and wonderful sweetness. Whether this be so or not, the bells make a profound impression upon all sensitive and musical persons, heretofore accustomed to the more discordant church bells of our western civilization.—*St. Nicholas.*

ANY STRANGER IN BOSTON.

If any stranger in Boston wishes to see one result of the humane education we have been giving in our public schools, let him notice the hundreds of cases occurring every day, in which he will see our boys and young men patting the noses and necks of horses and saying kind words to them.

Let him also stand on any street corner not especially occupied by the "Docktailers," and see how many tight check reins he can find in comparison with the whole number, and on how many horses he will see no check reins or blinders.

COFFEE CURE FOR HORSES.

The German naturalist Martin relates a case he recently met of a horse which owed its life to coffee. It was in such a bad way that it was considered incurable, and the owner sold the animal for fifteen dollars.

The animal was then almost a skeleton and so weak that it could hardly walk. The man who bought the horse immediately began to treat it with coffee, giving infusions of roasted coffee beans, and also coffee beans ground and mixed with honey. In a short time the horse began to improve, and after a few months its new owner was offered \$250 for it.

He told Herr Martin he had brought round by the same treatment many horses which had been overworked or had lost their strength and appetite.

Boston Globe.

A man who sits down on the pointed end of a tack is sure to get off a sharp thing.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, September, 1902.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month eighty-seven new branches of our *Parent Band of Mercy*, making a total of fifty thousand seven hundred and ninety.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

JOSEPH B. GLOVER.

It is with deep regret we publish the death, on August 12th, at the advanced age of 87, of Joseph B. Glover, one of Boston's noblest merchants and most honorable and humane men. We have had the pleasure of considering Mr. Glover for many years one of our best friends, and can never forget his kind words and services many times, and particularly when we were waging war upon the dangerous food and other adulterations sold in our markets. Through the past few years he has endured much suffering, and we can have no doubt that our loss is his gain.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Several letters from friends sent to the printer for insertion in this issue have, to our great regret, been lost.

DISSECTION.

In Massachusetts schools dissection of animals has been forbidden by law.

Why should children anywhere be compelled to witness such scenes?

VIVISECTION.

As our readers know, we offered some years ago in behalf of our *American Humane Education Society* a prize of \$100 for the best practical plan of decreasing vivisection in the United States of America.

Only four plans were submitted in competition for the prize, and the committee decided that neither was entitled to the prize offered.

Nevertheless we carefully examined them.

The most practical suggestions seemed to be addresses by humanely disposed physicians to the students in our medical schools, and the free distribution to them of printed addresses by humane physicians on the subject, also the gratuitous distribution among them of humane literature, such as *Black Beauty*, *Our Dumb Animals*, etc., etc.; also that great efforts be made through "*Bands of Mercy*" and otherwise to humanely educate our youth before they enter the medical schools.

A CRANK.

A friend tells us that another friend has just been talking with a man stopping at the same country hotel, who says Mr. Angell is a crank. In looking over our life we do not quite see where the crank comes in. We made between thirty and forty thousand dollars in our profession [the law] then gave over twenty years of our life to humane work [and considerable money] without receiving a single dollar as compensation.

With the help of kind friends we established the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—various other societies in New Orleans, Chicago, Washington, and other cities—north, south, east and west—the *American Humane Education Society*—the *American Bands of Mercy*—sent out and caused to be sent out many millions of copies of humane publications—called attention with pen and voice [at a cost of hundreds of dollars in money and thousands of dollars in time] to the men who were filling our markets with dangerously adulterated foods and other poisonous articles—denounced unnecessary wars and those who get us into them, and for several years have sent this paper every month to the editorial rooms of every newspaper and magazine in

America north of Mexico. These are only a few of the larger items of our life work which are more fully recorded in our "*Autobiographical Sketches*," and just where the crank comes in we do not quite understand, but suspect, from the following article in the *Chicago Herald*, that we ought to feel honored:

(From the *Chicago Herald*.)

It is by no means the worst thing in the world to be called a crank. I find as I prow up and down through the earth that wherever I meet a man with sufficient individuality to stand against impurity and shams of every kind, too honest to get rich by underhand methods, and too brave to be a cowardly conformist, he is called a crank. Wherever a woman is found who thinks more of the brain than the hat that surmounts it, she is called a crank. Wherever a man is found who honestly believes life holds better things for him than to become a dancing popinjay and a social success by fine clothes and society manners, he is a crank. Wherever a young girl is found who laughs at fashion and wears a gown to please herself rather than conform to a passing style, who stands by a friend at the risk of becoming unpopular, and who is a law unto herself by the dictates of her own pure, sweet, womanly heart, she is a crank. Discoverers are cranks. Philanthropists and poets are cranks. Christopher Columbus was a crank, and yet Chicago, after 400 years, turned itself head over heels to do him honor. Ah, well, when you count on your fingers the world's most famous cranks, and note the outcome of their crankiness, who would not choose but go down upon that despised list?

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "The human race is divided into two classes: those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, 'Why wasn't it done the other way?'"

HUMOR IN HORSES.

Only those who are unfamiliar with animals doubt that they have a sense of humor. Jimmy is a lively road horse who has ideas of his own and very original conceptions of what is amusing. One day the children had erected a small tent on the lawn, and sat within it drinking lemonade and playing that they were banditti. Jimmy walked softly up to the side of the tent and slowly inserted his nose through a convenient slit. Eyes and ears followed and, his head once within at the back of the unsuspicious revelers, Jimmy gave one tremendous sneeze, of that kind which is half a snort.

The banditti fell back in every direction and the horse, withdrawing from the tent, laughed silently to himself before going back to his grass-cropping. Jimmy's favorite amusement is that of scattering a flock of sheep. When he is feeding with them in the pasture he suddenly stops eating and then dashes among them, sending them scudding over the hill-side. Then he stands watching them until they again settle to their nibbling, and after a short luncheon of his own repeats the pleasing diversion. Although this horse is the gentlest creature in the world, it pleases him exceedingly to frighten anyone who has shown timidity in his presence.

Jimmy's two mistresses harness him without trouble or danger, but he delights in alarming one girl cousin who visits at the house. Sundry sidgetings and nervous starts of her own were enough to show Jimmy of what manner and temperament she was, and he is merciless in taking advantage of that knowledge. If she enters the stable where he stands accepting the harness in the most docile manner, he opens his mouth, showing a wicked row of teeth, and makes a feint of snapping at her. She shrieks, his mistress scolds and reasons with him, and Jimmy apparently is then repentant.

An old lady who had several unmarried daughters fed them largely on a fish diet, because, as she ingeniously observed, "fish is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is useful in making matches."



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.

Over fifty thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

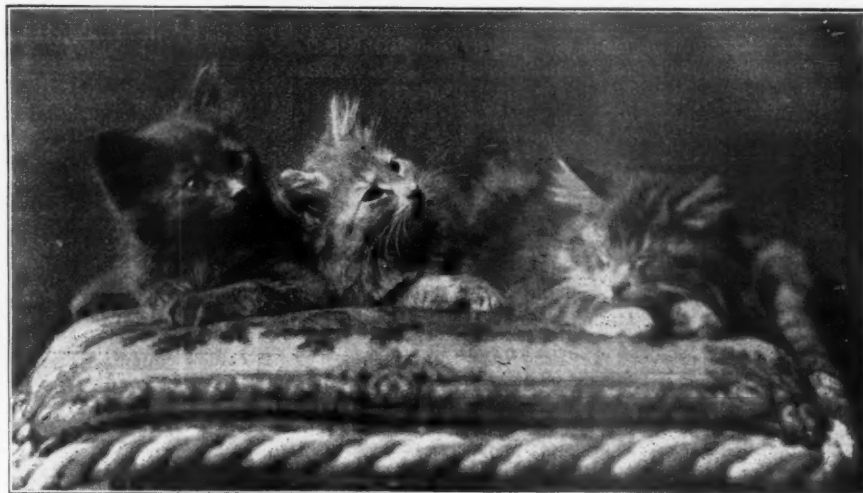
Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



THE THREE GRACES.

Belonging to Mrs. L. W. Baker, Mankato, Minnesota. [From "Cat Journal," Palmyra, New York.]

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL CATS.

The Persian cat is born to the happiest fate of any of his family, for according to the tales of travelers, he is, in his native land, not only loved and cherished, not only well treated and admired, but thoroughly respected, and he has an acknowledged position and rights. In form the bewitching Persian does not greatly differ from the Angora, but the tail is much more effective, for the longest and the thickest set hairs being at the tip, they form a magnificent plume, which the dignified owner carries proudly erect, waving in the air as he moves. In his splendid silky coat is not a trace of wooliness, and it clothes the graceful creature from the tips of his ears to the well "feathered" toes.

Unless some undreamed of feline marvel shall yet be unearthed, this animal must forever be regarded as the perfect flower of the domestic cat family. Not only does he easily surpass all his competitors in beauty and grace, but he possesses charms of disposition and manner and dignity of bearing, and while most affectionate and loving is still self-respecting and independent.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER, in Harper's Bazar.

FORTY FEET BY A ROPE.

IT WAS A BOSTON KITTEN.

The Journal's item regarding a shepherd dog who was saved from a dry well by clinging with his teeth to a rope lowered him leads a correspondent to send the following story: A kitten had fallen into one of the ventilating flues in the walls of the large sub-treasury apartment in the post-office building of this city, and had been incarcerated five days without food or water. The flue referred to is forty feet in depth, from the ceiling level of the apartment. Notice of the kitten's misfortune was brought to Architect Bryant late of a Saturday afternoon. The cries of the kitten could be faintly heard, and Mr. Bryant's first impulse was to cut in through the marble facing of the apartment in which the flue was located; but a suggestion being made that perhaps the prisoner, in its desperation, might seize the end of a line weighted and of bulky shape at its lower end, this experiment was tried. Strange to say, the nearly starved creature almost instantly took fast hold with its claws, when it was very carefully and slowly drawn safely up the entire height of forty feet and safely delivered. No Southern razor-back pig was ever thinner than this liberated little kitten; yet, with warm milk administered at intervals, restoration soon took place.—Boston Journal.

City Girl (pointing to a wild plant by the wayside): "What's that?" Country Cousin: "That's milk-weed." City Girl: "O yes, what you feed the cows on, I suppose."

FROM LONDON.

There comes to our table from London a book just published by Griffith, Farran & Co., in which Edith Carrington has taken from scientific sources and put in most readable form a vast deal of information about fishes, frogs, toads, turtles, birds, earth-worms, snails, beetles, ants, flies, etc., etc. From this valuable book we take the following, which we hope all our readers, young and old, may read:—

"Nothing can be a more dismal sight than the glass prisons in which the exquisite little gold-fish are doomed to go gasping round and round—breathing twice as fast as they would in their native pond or river, because they cannot get oxygen enough in their close quarters. They grow thinner and thinner day by day, till their poor little bodies can no longer keep their balance, but begin to be buoyed up sideways, like a dying crocus flower blown by the wind. At last they lie motionless, floating on the top of the water—dead."

"Fishes cannot be kept in health and comfort for any length of time except out-of-doors in running water, or water at least exposed to the influences of sun and air with rain. Those who take the charming little minnow or stickleback, or any other of the pretty little English fishes, and condemn them to an 'aquarium' are sentencing the creatures they profess to be 'fond of' to a slow, cruel, lingering death. Half of such captives die for want of rest; they are chased and terrified to death; you see them moving round and round their places of captivity till they die, because they want a place of refuge, and to get away. They cannot beat against their prison walls, or flutter, or cry as a bird does; their misery is silent; but in reality it is the same, though in a lesser degree. For all fish must have, all the more because they do not sleep, darkness to soothe them, rest and quiet. Their eyes are not formed to endure the light all around them, as is the case when they are put into a glass vessel. No wonder that they dash from side to side when first placed in such a thing; plunging and struggling vainly to escape, trying to bury their heads in imaginary mud which they hope to find at the bottom, knocking vainly against the cruel clearness which they cannot swim through."

"When fish are taken from the water all humane fishermen kill them, great and small alike, by a sharp blow on the back of the head, and do not leave them to suffer and die slowly."

NOT FAMILIAR—Literary Young Man (at party)—"Miss Jones, I suppose you are familiar with 'Crabbe's Tales!' Young Lady (scornfully)—"I was not aware that Crabbs had tails." L. Y. M. (confusedly)—"I beg pardon, Miss; I should have said read 'Crabbe's Tales.'" Y. L. (still more scornfully)—"And I was not aware that red crabs had tails either."

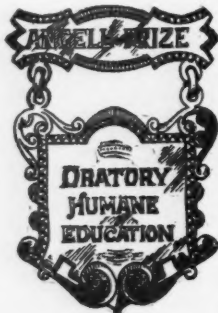
ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."



We sell them at one dollar each which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2.) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3.) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4.) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5.) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE."

On the first day of issuing this book we had over a hundred orders for it, some of them for fifty and twenty-five copies.

"PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

We acknowledge from various friends donations to aid us in the gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which everyone reads with pleasure, and having read wants everybody else to read.

To those who wish to buy it the price for our edition is 10 cents, and Mrs. Carter's cloth-bound edition we are permitted to sell at 60 cents, or post-paid 70 cents.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdio, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdio we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdio or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

(1.) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.

(2.) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1.) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.

(2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanised iron pipes.

(3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

(4.) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

ROB CRAIG'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

The house seemed very still that morning. Father Craig had gone to Boston on the early train, and Mother Craig had been called from her breakfast to go to Aunt Phebe Perry, who was surely going to die this time. But Rob did not mind being left. As soon as his breakfast was well-swallowed he took his rifle out on the south porch to give it a cleaning, for he had laid out a famous day's sport.

His mother always looked very sober when the rifle was brought out, for her tender heart was sorely hurt when any little thing came to harm through it; but Rob's favorite uncle had sent it to him the Christmas before, and his father approved of it as one of the ways to make a boy manly. So his mother said very little, except now and then to plead gently the cause of those who could not plead for themselves.

So Rob sat there, rubbing and cleaning, whistling merrily, and thinking of the squirrel's nest he knew of, and the rabbit tracks of which Johnny Boullard had told him. He whistled so shrilly that presently a broad-brimmed hat appeared around the corner of the house. There was a little girl under the hat, but you didn't see her at first.

"Sh! Robbie," she said, holding up a small forefinger. "Amy Louise [her doll] is dreadful bad with her head, and I'm trying to get her to sleep."

"Why don't you put a plantain leaf on her head? Plantain's prime for headaches," said Rob.

"Would you please get me one, Robbie?" pleaded the trusting little body. "Mamma said for me not to go away from the house, and Norah is cross this morning."

Time was precious just then; but this one sister was very dear. So laying down his rifle, Rob ran over to the meadow across the road and brought back a huge plantain leaf, which he bount carefully upon the head of Amy Louise, quite extinguishing that suffering doll, but to the infinite content of the little girl. Then he went back to the porch, and took up his rifle again, looking admiringly at the shining barrel and polished stock.

"Now, Mr. Squirrel," he said, "look out for yourself, for I'll have a crack at you presently."

And he leaned back against the side of the porch to plan his route, for the day was too hot for any unnecessary steps. Just then he heard a click, and looked around straight into the barrel of another rifle.

"My!" said Rob. "That's a pretty careless thing to do."

But the big man holding the rifle did not move, and kept his finger on the trigger. He was a stranger to Rob, and under the circumstances the most unpleasant one he had ever met.

"Will you please lower your gun! You might shoot me," said Rob, trying to speak bravely, but with a queer feeling under his jacket.

"That's what I came for," said the man.

"Come to shoot me?" cried Rob. "What have I done?"

"Nothing that I know of," answered the man, indifferently; "but boys do a great deal of mischief. They steal fruit and break windows and make horrid noises. Besides there are a great many of them, and they might overrun us if we didn't thin them out, now and then."

Rob was horrified. Without doubt, the man was an escaped lunatic; and right around the corner of the house was Ethel, likely to appear at any minute. Just then the man spoke again.

"Besides, it's necessary to kill to get food."

If Rob had not been so frightened he would have laughed as he thought of his wiry little frame, with scarcely a spare ounce of flesh on it; but he answered very meekly, "But I'm not good to eat."

"No," said the man, "you'd be tough eating."

"And my clothes wouldn't be worth anything to you," said Rob, glancing quickly over his worn suit.

"No," with indifference. "But I came out for a day's sport, and you're the first game I've seen, and I may as well finish you and look farther. I saw some small tracks 'round here," and again that horrible click.

"Oh," cried poor Rob, "don't shoot me! I'm the only boy my poor father and mother have, and they'd miss me dreadfully."

"Pshaw!" cried the other. "They wouldn't mind it much; and besides, I'm coming around in a day or two to shoot them."

"Shoot my father and mother?" gasped Rob.

"You wouldn't do such a wicked thing!"

"Our Dumb Animals grows more vigorous with every number."—Christian Leader, Cincinnati, Oh'io.

"Beautiful humane journal."—Southern Cultivator, Atlanta, Georgia.

"No person can read it without being benefited."—Iowa Plain Dealer.

"Should be in every family where there are children."—San Jose, Cal., Daily Morning Times.

"A most excellent publication."—North Western Live Stock Journal.



"Why, yes, I would," laughed the dreadful man. "They are larger and better looking than you, and their clothes are worth more. I've had my eyes on this family for some time, and I may as well begin now."

It seemed to Rob as if his heart stopped beating. Then he cried out, "Please, please don't kill me. I'm so young, and I want to live so much."

The big man laughed derisively.

"Do you think I shall find any game that doesn't want to live? What do you suppose I own a gun for, if I'm not to use it?"

Somehow, even in his terror, this argument had a familiar sound. Just then the big man took deliberate aim. Rob gave one look at the landscape spread out before him. It was so pleasant and life was so sweet. Then he shut his eyes. Bang!

When he opened his eyes he saw only the old south porch, with the hop tassels dancing and swinging, and his rifle fallen flat on the floor. It was all a horrid dream from which his fallen rifle had wakened him. But the first thing he did was to peep around the corner of the house to assure himself of Ethel's safety. Yes, there was the broad-brimmed hat flapping down the garden walk, attended by the cat and her two little kittens and lame old Beppo, the dog.

Rob did not take up his beloved rifle. Resting his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, he sat looking off over the fields, while a serious thinking went on under his curly thatch, and his thoughts ran something like this:

"I wonder if the birds and squirrels feel as frightened as I did. I guess they do, for sometimes, when I only hurt and catch them, their hearts are just thumping. And how cowardly that big man seemed coming out to shoot me—so much smaller! But I'm a great deal bigger than the things I shoot, and we don't use them in any way. Mother won't wear the birds' wings nor let Ethel, and we don't eat them. I guess I've had a vision, a sort of warning. Oh, what if that dreadful man had found Ethel!" and Rob went around the corner of the house.

The procession had just turned, and was coming toward him.

"How is she?" he asked, nodding toward the afflicted Amy Louise, hanging limply over her little mistress's shoulder.

"She's ever so much better. I think she would be able to swing a little if I hold her," with a very insinuating smile.

"Come along, then, little fraud," laughed Rob, turning toward the swing.

"But aren't you going shooting, Robbie?"

"No," said Rob, with tremendous emphasis.

When Mrs. Craig came home, tired and sad, in the middle of the afternoon, instead of the forlorn little girl she expected to find wandering about, there was a pleasant murmur of voices on the south porch, where Rob sat mending his kite, while Ethel rocked gently to and fro, with Amy Louise and both kittens in her lap.

"You didn't go hunting, then, Robert?" said his mother.

Robert shook his head, without giving any reason; but that evening, as Mrs. Craig sat at twilight in her low "thinking chair" by the west window, there was a soft step behind her, a quick kiss on the top of the

head, and a note dropped into her lap, and the note said:

"I will never again kill any creature for sport."

ROBERT ANDERSON CRAIG.

And Robert Anderson Craig is a boy who will keep his word.—HESTER STUART, in *Congregationalist*.

RISKED HIS LIFE.

A thrilling and unusual accident and rescue occurred at the Pittsburg end of the Seventh Street Bridge about ten o'clock this morning. A Press reporter noticed a young man leading a Newfoundland dog across the rafts that are moored in the Alleghany river at the point mentioned, and when the outer edge of the timber was reached the dog was given the signal to jump into the water. Instinctively the animal obeyed, but the fact had been overlooked that the current is unusually swift for this season of the year. The dog, after striking the water, was almost instantly caught in the treacherous current and was sinking from sight when Gus Glinz, who had taken him down for his usual morning bath, jumped into the water and soon had a grasp on the collar about the dog's neck. There was a quick struggle, which ended in both man and dog disappearing under one of the rafts. The few men who were present on the wharf rushed to the rescue, and soon discovered Glinz, who still had a firm hold on the animal he had unconsciously risked his life to save, in the midst of some loosely tied logs. Both were soon pulled aboard the raft and then conveyed to shore. To a Press reporter Glinz said:—

"I am all right, except the wetting my clothes got. Of course, Rover is only a dog, but I know he would have done the same thing for me. I bring him down here every morning to give him a dip, but the current was too much for him this morning, that's all. Rover belongs to Mr. Kittner, of Liberty Street, and is a great pet. I am employed by the gentleman, and knew his little grandchildren would be watching for Rover, and so—well, I am just taking him back."

A gentleman who was standing on the bridge and witnessed the scene remarked that while heroism on the part of Newfoundland dogs was an old story, regarding their rescues of human beings from watery graves, this was the first instance he had ever encountered where a man had actually not only taken chances but risked his life to save a dog.—*Pittsburg Press*.

MISPLACEMENT OF A COMMA.

A popular captain's wife was more than usually anxious over the safety of her husband, and accordingly handed a parish clerk a slip one Sunday morning, bearing the words "Captain Wilson, having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation on his behalf." Unfortunately, by the misplacement of the comma after the "sea," the congregation were told that "Captain Wilson having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of this congregation on his behalf."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

Mrs. B.—"Dear me! What lovely closets this flat has!" Agent.—"Madam, those are not the closets. They are the bedrooms."

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- 50262 Walpole, Mass.
Center Sch. Band, Div. 8.
P., Miss Park.
- 50263 Center Sch. Band, Div. 9.
P., Miss McManus.
- 50264 East Walpole Band, Div. 1.
P., R. H. Watts.
- 50265 East Walpole Band, Div. 2.
P., B. E. Gough.
- 50266 East Walpole Band, Div. 3.
P., Miss Pillsbury.
- 50267 East Walpole Band, Div. 4.
P., Miss Rockwood.
- 50268 No. Walpole Band, Div. 1.
P., Miss Baker.
- 50269 No. Walpole Band, Div. 2.
P., Miss Hartshorn.
- 50270 So. Walpole Band, Div. 1.
P., Miss Nye.
- 50271 So. Walpole Band, Div. 2.
P., Miss Cook.
- 50272 Zellenople Band.
P., Blanche Studebaker.
- 50273 Providence, R. I.
Thurber Ave. School.
Little Protectors Band.
P., Florence M. James.
- 50274 George T. Angell Band.
P., Martha J. Hawkins.
- 50275 Golden Rule Band.
P., Sarah W. Browning.
- 50276 Earnest Happy Workers
Band.
P., Mary A. Farrell.
- 50277 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Martha E. Feclery.
- 50278 Sunshine Band.
P., Marietta B. Bellson.
- 50279 Hammond Street School.
Kind Little Friends Band.
P., Martha Freeman.
- 50280 Sunshine Band.
P., F. A. Andrews.
- 50281 Kind Little Friends of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., Mabel L. Blaney.
- 50282 Sunbeam Band.
P., Carry Payton.
- 50283 Kind Little Friends Band.
P., Mary L. Pratt.
- 50284 Loyal Band.
P., A. B. Hopkins.
- 50285 Potter Ave. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., O. E. Nichols.
- 50286 Longfellow Band.
P., Ada Blinkhorn.
- 50287 I'll Try Band.
P., M. C. Beckwith.
- 50288 Kind Boys and Girls Bd.
P., M. E. Mykins.
- 50289 Sunbeam Band.
P., A. P. Kimball.
- 50290 Kind Deeds Band.
P., B. E. Brown.
- 50291 Sunshine Band.
P., Mary A. Harris.
- 50292 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Jessie M. Barton.
- 50293 Harriet St. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., E. J. A. Farrell.
- 50294 Sunshine Band.
P., E. Schaffer.
- 50295 I'll Try Band.
P., Alice C. Allen.
- 50296 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Julia Ward.
- 50297 Arnold Street School.
Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Mary E. Bicknell.
- 50298 Kind Friends of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., Charlotte C. Ingraham.
- 50299 The Loyal Defenders Bd.
P., F. A. Greene.
- 50300 Loyal Friends of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., S. D. Coleman.
- 50301 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mary F. Augustus.
- 50302 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Ella A. Greene.
- 50303 Animals Friend Band.
P., Ida W. Arnold.
- 50304 Sunshine Band.
P., Margaret McLellan.
- 50305 Little Friends Society Bd.
P., Rebecca R. Cushing.
- 50306 Protectors of the Helpless
Band.
P., Ida E. Morse.
- 50307 Little Helpers Band.
P., J. M. Kimball.
- 50308 Willow St. School.
Sunshine Band.
P., A. W. Field.
- 50309 Kind Boys and Girls Bd.
P., Lucy F. Covill.
- 50310 Sunbeam Band.
P., Mary T. Burt.
- 50311 Kind Friends to Dumb
Animals Band.
P., Mary C. W. Bowen.
- 50312 Good Will Band.
P., Etta A. Paul.
- 50313 Good Will Band No. 2.
P., Nellie Branch.
- 50314 Loyal Friends of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., Helen G. Hazzard.
- 50315 The Kind Helpers Band.
P., Phoebe A. Rathbone.
- 50316 The Golden Rule Band.
P., A. W. Field.
- 50317 Sumner St. School.
Golden Band.
P., E. J. Cory.
- 50318 Animals Friend Band.
P., J. D. Greene.
- 50319 Kind Boys and Girls Bd.
P., J. F. Work.
- 50320 Kind Helpers Band.
P., E. F. Greene.
- 50321 Kind Friends Band.
P., P. E. Wilbur.
- 50322 Sunshine Band.
P., P. E. Wilbur.
- 50323 East Providence, R. I.
Sixth Street School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., A. T. Ide.
- 50324 Golden Rule Band, Div. 2.
P., H. C. Davis.
- 50325 Providence, R. I.
Candace St. School.
Candace Vigilant Band.
Katherine C. Molloy.
- 50326 Protectors of the Helpless
Band.
P., Sarah E. Kelley.
- 50327 Landseer Band.
P., Harriet E. Wood.
- 50328 Defenders of the Helpless
Band.
P., Catherine E. Nolan.
- 50329 Golden Rule Band.
P., Teresa A. O'Neill.
- 50330 Good Will Band.
P., Elizabeth C. Dawson.
- 50331 Happy Workers Band.
P., A. L. Burns.
- 50332 Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Agnes A. Foster.
- 50333 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Annie Carnoe.
- 50334 Vigilant Defenders Band.
P., Margaret L. Kane.
- 50335 Candace Golden Rule Bd.
P., Elizabeth J. Molloy.
- 50336 True Hearted Defenders
Band.
P., Ella Blackburn.
- 50337 Candace Golden Rule Bd.,
No. 2.
P., C. A. O'Reilly.
- 50338 Nature's Knight Errant
Band.
P., E. L. Virgin.
- 50339 The Kind Hearts Band.
P., Mary E. Houghton.
- 50340 Willing Hands Band.
P., Minnie G. Cooney.
- 50341 Peace St. Grammar Sch.
Peace St. Humane Society
Band, Div. 1.
P., E. A. Northrop.
- 50342 Peace St. Humane Society
Band, Div. 2.
P., C. Blundell.
- 50343 Peace St. Humane Society
Band, Div. 3.
P., Mary E. Sullivan.
- 50344 Peace St. Humane Society
Band, Div. 4.
P., C. Blundell.
- 50345 Peace St. Humane Society
Band, Div. 5.
P., Anna S. Matteson.
- 50346 Peace St. Humane Society
Band, Div. 6.
P., Anna L. Bliven.
- 50347 Peace St. Humane Society
Band, Div. 7.
P., Minerva G. Curtis.
- 50348 Peace St. Humane Society
Band, Div. 8.
P., M. F. Brown.
- 50349 Peace St. Humane Society
Band, Div. 9.
P., Amy P. Sheldon.
- 50350 Peace St. Humane Society
Band, Div. 10.
P., Emma F. Farrell.
- 50351 Peace St. Humane Society
Band, Div. 11.
P., Amy L. Arnold.
- 50352 Peace St. Humane Society
Band, Div. 12.
P., Ruth F. Wright.
- 50353 Chester Ave. School.
Cheerful Workers Band.
P., E. L. Towne.
- 50354 Sunbeam Band.
P., R. Martin.
- 50355 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., M. Sayles.
- 50356 Kind Boys and Girls Band.
P., L. L. Blanchard.
- 50357 Benefit St. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., D. S. Freeman.
- 50358 Loyal Protectors Band.
P., M. L. Moran.
- 50359 Helping Hand Band.
P., Katherine C. Walsh.
- 50360 Kind Deeds Band.
P., J. Macready.
- 50361 Kind Hearts Band.
P., A. T. Turner.
- 50362 Kind Friends of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., C. F. Doran.
- 50363 Kind Helpers Band.
P., D. M. Hayden.
- 50364 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., M. Stone.
- 50365 Willing Workers Band.
P., A. T. Turner.
- 50366 Loyal Friends of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., Helen I. Allen.
- 50367 Kind Friends Band.
P., Geneva A. Cobb.
- 50368 Sunbeam Band.
P., G. A. Cobb.
- 50369 Canaan Four Corners, N. Y.
Berkshire Willing Work-
ers Band.
P., Miss Fannie Robin-
son.
- 50370 Roanoke, Va.
The Maceo Band.
P., C. B. Davis.
- 50371 Corinne Band.
P., W. A. Tate.
- 50372 Button Willow, Cal.
Button Willow Band.
P., Lawrence A. Ogden.
- 50373 Middlebourne, W. Va.
Junior League Band.
P., Clara A. Tremain.
- 50374 Lestershire, N. Y.
Young Peoples Mercy Bd.
P., Rose C. Trent.
- 50375 Landseer Band.
P., Ray Roberts.
- 50376 Boston, Mass.
Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Mary E. McCarthy.
- 50377 Roanoke, Va.
The Trent School Band.
P., Miss C. E. Trent.
- 50378 Clifton Heights, Pa.
Clifton Heights Band.
P., Edna J. Blood.
- 50379 Bath, N. H.
Amonocuc Band.
P., Miss Merle Smith.
- 50380 Hamilton, N. Y.
The Second Ward Excelsior
Club Band.
P., Frank E. Thompson.
- 50381 Clayville, N. Y.
The Pilgrim Band.
P., Rev. Hugh J. Collin.
- 50382 Wardboro, Vt.
Phebe Band.
P., L. H. Hitchcock.
- 50383 Spencer, N. Y.
Spencer Band.
P., Ida Hallock Fisher.
- 50384 Auburn, Mass.
Lincoln Band.
P., Nellie E. Powers.
- 50385 McKinley Band.
P., Lucia M. Field.
- 50386 Bancroft Band.
P., Annie B. Whitman.
- 50387 Washington Band.
P., L. Mertice Newton.
- 50388 Roodville, N. Y.
P., Miss Maude H. Parker.
- 50389 Longfellow Band.
P., Nellie M. Coley.
- 50390 West Auburn Band.
P., Grace Henderson.
- 50391 North School Band.
P., Nellie McDermott.
- 50392 School No. 3 Band.
P., Grace Casey.
- 50393 Leicester, Mass.
Academy Band.
P., Arthur Ludden.
- 50394 Centre School Band, Div. 1.
P., Laura H. Robbins.
- 50395 Centre Sch. Band, Div. 2.
P., M. A. Leonard.
- 50396 Centre Sch. Band, Div. 3.
P., M. L. Warner.
- 50397 Centre Sch. Band, Div. 4.
P., Alice Estes.
- 50398 Centre Sch. Band, Div. 5.
P., Helen Estes.
- 50399 Manville School Band.
P., Miss Southwick.
- 50400 Cherry Valley, Mass.
Cherry Valley Sch. Band,
Div. 1.
P., Miss M. M. McAllister.
- 50401 Cherry Valley Sch. Band,
Div. 2.
P., A. F. McKeon.
- 50402 Cherry Valley Sch. Band,
Div. 3.
P., Mary Daly.
- 50403 Cherry Valley Sch. Band,
Div. 4.
P., Anne Hanley.
- 50404 Leicester, Mass.
Mount Pleasant Band.
P., Edna J. Lamb.
- 50405 Fort Washington, Md.
Hart Farm School Band.
P., R. J. Evans.
- 50406 Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Wayne Band.
P., Addie B. Coleman.
- 50407 Spencer, Mass.
High School Band.
P., Clarence R. Hodgdon.
- 50408 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 1.
P., M. H. Sloane.
- 50409 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 2.
P., Mary T. Casey.
- 50410 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 3.
P., Katherine V. Griffin.
- 50411 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 4.
P., Sadie A. Kelly.
- 50412 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 5.
P., M. F. G. Lee.
- 50413 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 6.
P., Nellie A. McIney.
- 50414 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 7.
P., Delia G. O'Connor.
- 50415 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 8.
P., Miss Nellie A. Good-
now.
- 50416 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 9.
P., E. J. Grout.
- 50417 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 10.
P., J. M. Buxton.
- 50418 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 11.
P., M. E. Woodbury.
- 50419 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 12.
P., E. J. Keegan.
- 50420 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 13.
P., C. G. Cooke.
- 50421 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 14.
P., M. N. Downey.
- 50422 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 15.
P., E. M. Casey.
- 50423 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 16.
P., J. J. Griffin.
- 50424 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 17.
P., A. J. Casey.
- 50425 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 18.
P., Estelle M. Drury.
- 50426 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 19.
P., Katherine E. Jacobs.
- 50427 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 20.
P., S. W. Matthews.
- 50428 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 21.
P., M. E. Coughlin.
- 50429 Spencer Sch. Band, Div. 22.
P., M. A. Jacobs.
- 50430 Spencer School Band,
Div. 23.
P., L. O. Cunningham.
- 50431 Spencer School Band,
Div. 24.
P., J. E. Ramer.
- 50432 Spencer School Band,
Div. 25.
P., J. F. Sawyer.
- 50433 Spencer School Band,
Div. 26.
P., N. M. Sullivan.
- 50434 Spencer School Band,
Div. 27.
P., W. M. Conlin.
- 50435 Spencer School Band,
Div. 28.
P., E. A. Casey.
- 50436 Spencer School Band,
Div. 29.
P., E. A. Achim.
- 50437 Spencer School Band,
Div. 30.
P., A. L. K. Faxon.
- 50438 Spencer School Band,
Div. 31.
P., Mary A. Plummer.
- 50439 Newark, N. J.
No. Baptist Church Band.
P., Cyell Blanger.
- 50440 Buffalo, N. Y.
J. S. C. E. Band.
P., Miss S. Braam.
- 50441 Corbetsville, N. Y.
Defender Band.
P., Emma Minkler.
- 50442 Buffalo, N. Y.
St. Margaret's Band.
P., Laetitia Vele.
- 50443 Goodales Corner, Me.
Knights of Kindness Band.
P., Joe Hinds.
- 50444 Bellevue, Ky.
Bellevue Juvenile Band.
P., Mary Geiger.
- 50445 Bangor, Me.
Helpful Band.
P., Clara L. Willson.
- 50446 Herman, Minn.
Sunshine Band.
P., Ida Ritzschke.
- 50447 Tampa, Fla.
Black Beauty Band.
P., Mrs. Lola McRae.
- 50448 Seabrook, N. H.
Women of the Coming
Generation Band.
P., Carrie L. Wilson.
- 50449 Dulais, Ore.
Oakleaf Band.
P., William A. Smith.
- 50450 Colorado Springs, Colo.
No. 1 Band.
P., Ruth Mamamah.
- 50451 Hatley, Que.
Hatley School Band.
P., Miss M. Bayley.
- 50452 Black Beauty Band.
Hodgkins School Band,
Div. 1.
P., Sara J. Holland.
- 50453 Hodgkins School Band,
Div. 2.
P., Myra Hobbs.
- 50454 Hodgkins School Band,
Div. 3.
P., Mable Banister.
- 50455 Hodgkins School Band,
Div. 4.
P., Thirza Randlett.
- 50456 Hodgkins School Band,
Div. 5.
P., Nina Gleason.
- 50457 Gram. School Band, Div. 1.
P., Jennie L. Irwin.
- 50458 Gram. School Band, Div. 2.
P., F. J. Amsden.
- 50459 Blanchard School Band,
Div. 1.
P., Sylvia Stoddard.
- 50460 Blanchard School Band,
Div. 2.
P., W. M. Williams.
- 50461 Blanchard School Band,
Div. 3.
P., Mary E. Mott.
- 50462 Blanchard School Band,
Div. 4.
P., Carrie R. French.
- 50463 Upper Podunk Band.
P., Nellie F. Clapp.
- 50464 Lower Podunk Band.
P., Emma J. Schofield.
- 50465 Potopog Band.
P., Annie Gerald.
- 50466 River Band.
P., Cora Gidley.
- 50467 River Band.
P., Leah Varney.
- 50468 High School Band.
P., E. B. Hale.
- 50469 Peru, Mass.
Peru School Band, Div. 1.
P., Fannie Watson.
- 50470 Peru School Band, Div. 2.
P., Miss Feley.
- 50471 Peru School Band, Div. 3.
P., Miss Watkins.
- 50472 Peru School Band, Div. 4.
P., Miss Fancogney.
- 50473 Agassiz Band.
P., Lillian W. Newman.
- 50474 Evangeline Band.
P., Miss Congdon.
- 50475 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Wood.
- 50476 Highbury Band.
P., Miss Fiske.
- 50477 Priscilla Band.
P., Miss Davis.
- 50478 Anna Sewall Band.
P., Mary E. Wiley.
- 50479 Washington Band.
P., Beatrice F. Gallagher.
- 50480 Longfellow Band.
P., Lucy C. Thayer.
- 50481 Little Bo-Peep Band.
P., Blanche D. Ripley.
- 50482 Little Boy Blue Band.
P., A. O. Jubb.
- 50483 Worthington, Mass.
Lincoln Band.
P., Louise Curtis.
- 50484 Longfellow Band.
P., Nettie R. Ryder.
- 50485 Little Boy Blue Band.
P., Eva J. Parmelee.

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

This touching hymn was written by Sarah Flower Adams, a gifted English woman. She was of frail constitution, and, amid many bodily sufferings, kept her pen at work on various poetical productions. At what time she caught the inspiration to compose that one immortal hymn, which is now sung around the globe, has never been learned. Probably it was some season of peculiar trial, when the bruised spirit emitted the odor of a child-like submission to a chastening father. It must have oozed from a bleeding heart. Her hymn first appeared in a volume of sacred lyrics by Mr. Fox, in England, about the year 1841. The authoress did not live to enjoy the fame it was to bring, for she died in 1846, aged twenty-four years, and was buried near Marlow, in Essex.

HOW SEA-BIRDS QUENCH THEIR THIRST.

The question is often asked, "Where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst?" But we have never seen it satisfactorily answered until a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject said that he had seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm-cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness.

How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without water for many days, if not for several weeks.—*Golden Days*.

THE SUPER-SENSE OF ANIMALS.

When engaged in locating a railway in New Brunswick, Mr. James Camden, a civil engineer, was compelled one night by a very severe snowstorm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs—one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Camden and the man with him rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire.

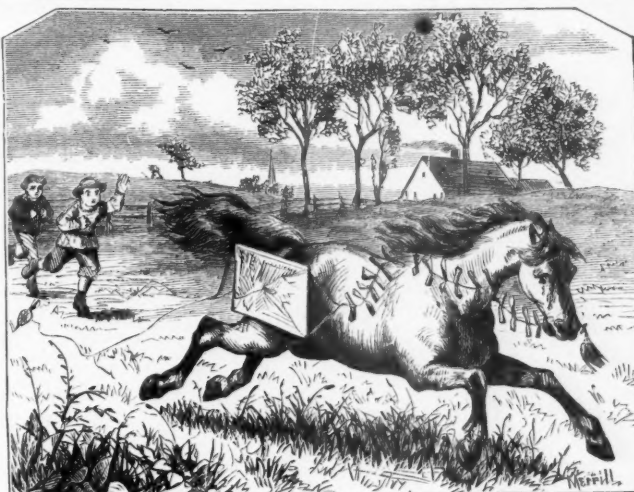
The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it. Mr. Camden and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up immediately, and in a short time the latch was tried again.

They waited a few minutes, and then Mr. Camden rose, unfastened the door and looked out. Seeing nothing, he returned to his blankets, but did not replace the bar across the door. Two or three minutes later the latch was tried a third time. This time the door opened, and the collie walked in. He pushed the door quite back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland, and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Camden lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, driving before them a valuable ram belonging to the farmer, that had become separated from the rest of the flock, and was in danger of perishing in the storm. Now, how did the collie impart to the other dog a knowledge of the situation unless through some super-sense unknown to us?—*Forest and Stream*.

THE IRON DUKE'S PARROT.

An old lady, soon after the battle of Waterloo, determined to show her grateful admiration of the Duke of Wellington by the gift of a parrot, which she took with her into the Duke's presence. His Grace declined the gift with polite thanks. The old lady begged him to hear the bird speak once. She took the balze off the cage and said, "Polly, this is the Duke of Wellington." "See the conquering hero comes!" cried the parrot, flapping his wings. This was too much for the Duke, who heard the pet sing the national anthem, and accepted the gift. He afterwards kept the bird in his own room, and it won quite a reputation among its new friends.—*Queckett's Sayings and Doings*.

The late Baron de Rothschild once took a cab to his offices, and, on alighting, tendered the proper fare. The cabman received it, but kept his hand open, and looked at the money significantly, which caused the Baron to inquire whether it was not right. "Oh, yes," replied the cabman, "it's quite right, but your sons usually give me double." "They do, do they," was the Baron's reply; "well, they have a rich father and can afford it."—*London Society*.



FLYING A KITE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WILLS GIVING MONEY TO BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

It is an undeniable fact that there seems to be a disposition on the part of worthless relatives to break wills which contain gifts to benevolent objects.

Now we wish to say that there is a way in which humane people can avoid this trouble.

Our "American Humane Education Society" and "Massachusetts S. P. C. A." are both authorized to hold a million dollars, free from taxation, and they have, as trustees of their funds, in Mr. Alfred Bowditch and Mr. Laurence Minot, two gentlemen who perhaps have no superiors in Boston as careful and competent investors and trustees.

Both Societies are prepared to take any funds which friends wish to give them, and bind themselves to pay to the givers during their lifetimes the income on the same.

In this way the givers are sure of receiving the income during their lifetimes and there will be no chance of a plea of insanity being set up after death.

We shall be happy to give further information that may be desired.

And here let us add that we do most earnestly wish that some wealthy friend of our two humane societies would give us a building, in a part of which our offices could be established, and which should be their permanent home for, it may be, a thousand years, the remainder to be rented.

It would be a pleasure to have the building bear the name of its giver, and all income from its rents and a fair compensation for what our societies might use be paid to the giver semi-annually during life.

In this way the giver would receive during life all the income which is now received from its use or rental, and thereafter it would stand as a perpetual monument of his or her benevolence and humanity.

Will friends of our two societies kindly consider this suggestion, and write us for further information? GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Whoa, there, I say; whoa, you brute!"

The man jerked his horse savagely, pulling him right and left for the simple reason that when he had left the poor animal a moment it had moved toward a spot of grass, which it began to nibble, when it was reined up by its angry master.

At the same moment another man who had stopped his team opposite was lifting a dozen jolly boys and girls from his truck and dropping them gently on the grass.

"Thank you, mister," they chorused as, smiling, he drove away.

Out of the goodness of his heart he had treated them to a ride. His neighbor vented his bad temper on his horse. The conditions of the men were parallels, but their souls were as far apart as the poles. Smiles and scowls indicate the moral temperament. *Detroit Free Press*.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle. Dogs were intended for no such purpose.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

Do not let your cats or dogs disturb the sleep of your sick or well neighbors.

Moving don't forget your cat.

LORD SALISBURY.

Lord Salisbury's fondness for animals is well known but it is perhaps not general knowledge that he has a favorite cat. It is a cross between a Persian tabby and a chinchilla gray, and has the name of Floss. It is sleek and well-bred, with fur as soft as down—just the sort of cat one would expect to find in the aristocratic atmosphere of Hatfield House. She is allowed the free run of the place, and, when she sees her master, displays all the signs of feline emotion which pleased and happy cats are wont to manifest. Then Lord Salisbury talks to her, and those who have been frequent spectators of the scene declare that the cat replies in its best language—a series of murmurs and soft purrs. As soon as Lord Salisbury sits down the cat takes possession of his knee, and there the ex-Premier will allow it to remain, stroking and talking to it. At home it is his most constant companion. *Boston Journal*.

Our Dumb Animals is one of the neatest and brightest exchanges coming to the Mercury. It is full of splendid matter, and while it is a paper every child loves to read, it is also one which interests every good man and woman. A year's reading of *Our Dumb Animals* will teach a child more humanity than it will learn otherwise in five years. *Portland (Oregon) Mercury*.

Our Dumb Animals always condenses into its pages a world of interesting and instructive and often amusing matter, elegantly illustrated. *Berkshire Record, Pittsfield, Mass.*

The legs of a chair never stick out half so far behind at any other time as when a man is prowling about in the dark barefooted.

Receipts of the M. S. P. C. A. for July, 1902.

Fines and witness fees, \$2.71.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. J. A. Beebe, \$50; A. G. Weeks, \$10; Mrs. Louisa C. Bacon, \$10; Miss S. H. R. Hudson, \$10; Mrs. Daniel Merriman, \$10; Ellerton James, for building fund, \$3; T. A. Baxendale, \$2; Mrs. S. H. Swan, \$2; L. L. Holden, \$2.
Sundries, \$8.38.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. H. C. Mason, Mrs. J. M. Smith, Forbes & Wallace, E. A. Goodnow, Miss Winifred Perkins, Carter, Russell & Co., Mrs. W. A. Richardson, Mrs. O. I. Kimball, J. T. Herrick, M.D., Miss A. H. Boardman, William Read, Geo. E. Whipple, Mrs. W. H. Wesson, Geo. B. Upton, Mrs. A. W. Spencer, L. Prang, Miss Maria Murdock, Robert T. Swan, Laura P. Swan, Miss Sarah P. Loud, Mrs. S. P. Blake, Miss Helen P. Moore, Mrs. E. W. Stone, Mrs. Sarah F. Searles.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. A. S. Ward, F. M. Forbush, H. Hayler, H. J. Jaquith, Jr., Mrs. K. Gregg, Mrs. E. Wason, S. C. Cornell, Miss S. Wentworth, Mrs. H. W. Symmes, Mrs. A. G. Barnard, Mrs. Flora J. White, A. H. Carrier.
Total, \$239.38.
The American Humane Education Society, \$263.

SUBSCRIBERS.

S. N. Emerson, \$3.01; Mrs. W. H. Bradley, \$2.50; L. A. Smith, \$2.25; A. P. Belden, \$2; Wm. Ingalls, \$2; Mrs. Christie, \$2; M. J. Atkins, \$2; Miss J. Small, \$1.50; Mrs. L. C. Mackenzie, \$1.50; Mrs. J. H. Farnsworth, \$1.50; Miss Lydia A. Clegg, \$1; A friend, \$1; S. C. Cornell, \$1; Dr. A. E. Morrell, \$1; L. Hinckley, \$1; L. Bouchel, M.D., \$1; Mrs. M. P. O'Connor, \$0.52.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

G. V. Shedd, Dr. S. Flagg, Mrs. E. C. Packard, M. Bowman, Mrs. E. M. Tanner, F. McKee, Miss Babb, Mrs. S. C. Joslyn, Mrs. L. Brooks, E. L. Skilling, Mrs. L. E. Rogers, Mrs. J. M. Smith, W. H. Day, Mrs. O. Mason, H. M. Roberts, Mrs. S. C. D. Putnam, Mrs. A. L. Munson, J. O. L. Hillard, R. Fleet, V. Huston, J. B. Green, C. Orth, O. H. Perry, H. K. Fulton, M. C. Allen.

Sundries, \$5.05.

Total, \$44.33.

Sales of publications, \$48.39.

Total, \$889.81.

Receipts of the American Humane Education Society for July.

Bequest of Miss Mary Bartol, \$500; A. Flanagan Co., \$171.25; Susanna Brinton, for building fund, \$100; Mrs. A. O. Clouston, \$20; City of Boston, \$14.33; Ralph Waldo Trine, \$12.25; Dave Colville, \$10; Mrs. W. H. Bradley, \$7.50; Mrs. H. C. Mason, \$5; Mrs. Fox Sainsburg, \$5; Miss M. P. Bacon, \$5; Miss Dorothy L. Turner, \$4; Hon. D. O'Malley, \$2; Hon. Carol S. Page, \$2; Mrs. W. B. Strong, \$2; Miss Clara B. Cross, \$2; Thorndike Saville, \$1; Mrs. W. S. Leland, \$1; Edwin Hoyt, \$1; Mrs. Miles Spaulding, \$1.
Small sales of publications, \$24.42.

HUMANE EDUCATION AND PROTECTION OF ANIMALS.

At the August meeting of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 20th ult., Vice-President Hill reported that in the investigation of cases since last monthly report the agents had examined 2476 animals, taken 166 animals from work, and humanely killed 240 horses and other animals.

The Bands of Mercy have now reached the number of 50,790.

One thousand horse hats have been distributed, with many hundred vials of the approved preparation for protecting horses from flies and other insects. We still have many of the vials left which we will give to those who need and will call for them.

The Massachusetts Society has prepared some thousands of large cards cautioning all persons against violations of the humane laws of the state, which they propose to have posted in all the towns of the state, and will gladly send to any friend of the humane cause desiring to assist us in that work.

THE WORLD.

The world is well lost when the world is wrong,
No matter how men deride you,
For if you are patient and firm and strong
You will find it in time (though the time be long)
That the world wheels 'round beside you.

If you dare to sail first o'er a new thought track,
For awhile it will scourge and score you;
Then, coming abreast with a skilful tack,
It will clasp your hand and slap your back,
And vow it was there before you.

The world means well, though it wander and stray
From the straight, short cut to duty;
So go ahead in that path, I say,
For after awhile it will come your way
Bringing its pleasures and beauty.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A leading Boston lawyer said to us the other day,
"I never take up a copy of *Our Dumb Animals* that I do not find something to set me to thinking."
That is just the object of printing it.

Country Child—"People who live in city flats have lots of company, I s'pose."
City Child—"No, indeed; it's awful lonely."

"I don't see how."
"Why, folks won't 'sociate with the families above 'em 'cause they is below 'em, and they can't 'sociate with the families below 'em because they's above 'em."—*Good News*.

There's a hand on the rudder that will not flinch,
There's no fear in the pilot's face
As he guides the worlds, like boats in a storm,
Through the rocking seas of space;
And whether they make the harbor at last,
Beyond the shoals and the swell,
Or sail forever a shoreless sea,
I know that all is well.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

We believe no other paper in the world goes, as "*Our Dumb Animals*" does every month, to the editorial rooms of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, and we believe that no paper in the world is so seldom thrown into the wastebasket unread.

IT GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our *Bands of Mercy* in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of over twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these over twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following prices, free of postage:—

Black Beauty, in English or Italian, cloth 30 cts., paper 10 cts.
" " (German) . . . heavy paper 35 cts.
" " (Modern Greek) . . . paper 25 cts.
" " (Spanish) . . . paper 10 cts.
" " (Swedish) . . . paper 20 cts.
For Pity's Sake, . . . cloth, large, 70 cts., paper 10 cts.
Some of New York's 400, . . . cloth 30 cts., paper 10 cts.
The Strike at Shane's, . . . cloth 25 cts., paper 10 cts.
Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst, . . . cloth 25 cts., paper 10 cts.
Four Months in New Hampshire, . . . cloth 25 cts., paper 10 cts.
Beautiful Joë (at publisher's price), . . . cloth, large, 72 cts., small 30 cts.
Angell Prize Contest Recitations, 16 cents each, postage paid. To Contestants, 6 cents, postage paid.
Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by Geo. T. Angell, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; or cloth bound, 20 cents at office, and 25 cents mailed.
Address to Boston Public Schools, by Geo. T. Angell, 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100.
Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell—Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents; twenty-four for 10 cents; one hundred, 25 cents.
Bird Leaflet, by Geo. T. Angell . . . \$0.25 per 100.
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Humane Horse Book, compiled by Geo. T. Angell, 5 cents each, or . . . 5.00 "
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Band of Mercy Register, 8 cents.
Band of Mercy Card of Membership, large 2 cents, small 1 cent.

Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet, by Geo. T. Angell, including all necessary for forming Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Bands of Mercy. This, as well as the address of Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn., we send without cost to everyone asking.

The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

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Don't forget your cat.

